

The Bethel Courier.

A Weekly Family Newspaper, Central in Politics, devoted to Literature, Agriculture, Education, the Mechanic Arts, and the News of the Day.

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The Bethel Courier.

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History of Bethel.

By Dr. N. T. True.

CHAPTER XXVII.

I tarried at Newton some time, to refresh myself, after I returned from captivity; and soon after the peace, I returned to Bethel, and have made me a small farm, where I have resided ever since, and have reared up a large family. I have undergone all the hardships, and self denials, which are incident to those who are engaged in settling new countries; but have lived to see the town rise from a howling wilderness into fruitful fields, and in flourishing circumstances, and peace and order promoted therein, and blessings laid up therein, for the rising generation yet unborn.

But age, and the infirmities thereof, are crawling upon me, and my labor is almost finished, and I soon must go whence I shall not return, which is only the common lot of all mankind. I hope, when I am called for, to go where sorrow is unknown, and where all tears shall be wiped away from mine eyes, where the wicked shall cease from troubling, and where all the weary are at rest.

I spent two years and nine months in the public service of my country, and about sixteen months in a most disagreeable captivity by the Indians. This was done in the prime of life, when it was my duty, as well as all young men, to make provisions for future life, and for a family, should they live to enjoy them. My aim was, when I first went to Bethel, in 1774, to make me a farm there; but my attention was arrested by the revolutionary war, and my long captivity in Canada. I was thus defeated for several years, in my designs of making provision for future life; and lost the prime of my youthful strength and activity. The hardships I underwent while young greatly debilitated my constitution, and I have been obliged to labor under these disadvantages, which have, in a great measure, brought on premature old age, and the infirmities thereof. However, I have this consolation, that I labored for the benefit of my beloved country and posterity. I hope the results of my toils and sufferings will be acknowledged by my country, and prove a lasting blessing to it, and be handed down unsullied to the latest posterity.

I have yet to labor hard to support myself and family, under the infirmities of age and a debilitated constitution; when, had it not been, that I was interrupted in my designs in the early part of my life, by the cause of my country, and the hardships I underwent at that period, I might have been exonerated, at this period of my life, from being necessitated to labor, in making provision for myself and family; and the evening of my life, might have been spent with much more ease and happiness, than it is possible for it now to be. The comforts of the world and religion are as much as I may expect in this life, and all I ask for, and are what I earnestly desire, and hope to obtain; and then I shall be satisfied.

It may not be amiss just to mention here, that when the Indians were on their way from Canada to Bethel, in their nefarious design upon the inhabitants, and when I and Mr. Benjamin Clark were made prisoners, they passed through Newry, and entered the house of Capt. Benjamin Barker. Miss Mary Russell and Miss Betsey Mason were at Capt. Barker's on a visit. The Indians entered the house and plundering the house, they must also plunder these young ladies, and took several articles from them, which they carried away with them. This was a most cruel and barbarous act in them; but the tender mercies of the wicked are cruelty!

After Mr. Clark and I were released from our captivity, we both returned to Bethel. We found the young ladies here, and we married them. I married Miss Mary Russell, and Mr. Clark married Miss Betsey Mason. Both of us have had, and reared up, large families by them. Mr. Clark died several years ago. The rest of us are yet living, and through the mercy of God, are in comfortable health; and for which we have abundant reason to rejoice in his mercy towards us.

I would further remark, that for the services, which I performed in the revolutionary war, I received the then currency, which afforded but little compensation for these toils in the defense of my country, owing to the rapid depreciation of the money in which I was paid; that my time was almost lost to myself. Indeed, the country was not able at that time to properly satisfy the soldiers for their labors in that service. And furthermore, I have had no compensation for the time I was in captivity. The loss of time, and the hardships I then underwent, were felt as in the service of my country; and were so considered, as I was exchanged as a soldier, taken in actual service, or in time of battle; and, therefore, I always thought, and still think, that I, in justice, ought to have received some compensation from my country; but as I have received nothing, it still adds to my calamity, and which has been sensibly felt through life.

Thus ends the last of those thrilling adventures which, occupy so conspicuous a position in New England Indian History. Lieut. Segar lived to see his country grateful for services rendered in her defense. He died Sept. 1847, at the advanced age of ninety-two years and eight months.

COOKING SALT CODFISH.—Late one evening we called unexpectedly upon a farmer in Western New Jersey. Before retiring, we overheard, in another room, the good house wife anxiously inquiring of her husband:— "What in the world shall I get for breakfast? Our visitors, I believe, don't eat salt pork junk, and I have nothing else in the house but salt codfish. We wanted to tell her that she could provide nothing more acceptable. This idea, that salt codfish is the last and worst resort, is shared by others as well as by West Jersey people, especially those along the seaboard, where the article has always been abundant. Not so at the West. We remember when a boy, before canal navigation opened easy access to eastern markets, that salt codfish, like rice, was kept as a choice resort when visitors came; and we have never lost our respect for this article of diet, which we have heard so much abused in later years. But to be good, it must be rightly prepared. Like coffee and many other kinds of food, its relish depends a good deal upon the "fixings." Of itself it is healthful and nourishing, if it can be made to slip down easily. With proper preparation, we relish it about eight times a week. We like it thus: first buy a good fish—one with little or no color, and of uniform color throughout. Any spot darker than the rest indicates bad curing, and will perhaps spoil the flavor of the whole fish. Look for these blemishes even around the edges. The light colored flesh is usually the best. The fish is to be picked pretty fine, and placed in cold water over night. (If this be not done before-hand, it should be picked very fine and put in cold water, and slowly heated, and then boiled briskly to get out the salt.) In the morning pour off the soaking, and rinse with more cold water, which will remove any disagreeable flavor remaining from the soaking water. Next pick it into very fine bits, put in cold water, heat and scald. Pour off the water, and put in some milk and heat. To this add a good supply of flour stirred in water, and cook it thoroughly. Here is the most common failure—the flour is not cooked enough but is left with a raw taste. Just before removing from the fire, stir in one, two, or three beaten eggs, and a little butter, with more milk if necessary to leave it just thick enough to dip out with a spoon. It may need a little salt. You thus have a dish that tastes well, digests well, nourishes well, and is more economical than most meat dishes—just the thing for breakfast.—Ez.

With a true wife a husband's faults should be sacred. A woman forgets what is due to herself when she consents to that refuge of weakness—a female confidant. A wife's bosom should be the tomb of a husband's failings.

Tiger hunting is very fine amusement, so long as we hunt the tiger; but it is rather awkward when the tiger takes it in his head to hunt us.

Selected Tale.

THE DIAMOND STAR;

OR,

THE ENGLISHMAN'S ADVENTURE.

A STORY OF VALENCIA.

(Continued.)

"I have passed through much peril Miriam," replied the man. "Snares and violence have beset my path. I went to carry the gold and the silver I had promised to Jacob, the goldsmith, when, lo! I was beset by the nagodly rabble."

"Dear father!" "Yes! and they dragged me to their place of skulls—even to their accursed Golgotha, where the blood of mine only brother was drunken by the ravens flames, and where thirty of our brethren perished because they believed in the God of Abraham, and of Isaac, and of Jacob."

"And did they force you to witness the auto da fe?" "They brought me to the place, Miriam—but there the spirit of prophecy descended upon me, and I lifted up my voice and denounced their abominations, even as the prophets of old did the iniquities of the Egyptian king. And lo! Miriam, there was a miracle wrought. The voice of Heaven spake in thunder to rebuke their impious bloodthirstiness. The floodgates of heaven were opened, and the rain descended in mighty torrents, and quenched the Moloch fires kindled by the Christians. And a great wind arose, and the scaffold was destroyed, and the godly youth that stood thereupon was saved from the death of fire as the multitude were scattered."

"And lives he, father?" "I fear not," answered the old man sadly. "For if he were not crushed by the falling scaffold, yet verily the cruel swords of the troopers and men at arms must have sought out his young life."

At this moment, Landon stepped from his concealment. "No, my friends," said he, "I yet live to thank Heaven for its providential care. I have even found a friend in the household of my bitter enemy, for Donna Florinda d'Almonte sheltered me, and commended me to your roof."

He now had time to scan the persons of his hosts. The elder, Isaac the Jew, was, as we described him on his appearance in the plaza, a man of venerable appearance, with a mild and noble countenance, wearing the long beard and flowing robes of his race. His daughter, Miriam, had the commanding beauty, the dark eyes, the flowing hair, and the bold features of the daughters of Israel. She was richly clad in robes of silk, and many a jewel of price gleamed in the raven tresses of her hair.

"Then art safe beneath this roof," said the Hebrew, "for Donna Florinda, though the daughter of the man of tiger blood, hath yet befriended us and ours, and for her sake as well as for thine, thou art welcome."

Landon thanked his new friends for their hospitable pledges. "I would fain," said the old Hebrew, "give thee garments more fitting than the accursed robe that wraps thy youthful limbs. But of a truth I have none of Spanish fashion, and the Jewish garb is almost as fatal to the wearer as the robe of the son of Balaam."

"Here comes Reuben," said Miriam. "Welcome home dear brother." A handsome youth of sixteen entered at this moment, and saluted his father, his sister, and the stranger. He bore a bundle in his arms.

"I was charged," he said, "by the lady Florinda, to bear this packet to the stranger I should find here. It contains a Spanish dress. She bid me say," he continued, addressing Landon, "that when you have put on these habiliments, you can repair with me to the governor's garden at midnight. The waiting maid and confidant will conduct you through the house to the street, and once there you can make your way to the English ambassador's."

After thanking the youthful messenger, Landon was shown to an apartment, where he was left alone to change his dress. Donna Florinda had supplied him with a plain but handsome cavalier's suit, including mantle, hat, and plume, and in addition to these, a good sword. Landon hailed this latter gift with joy, buckled the belt with trembling eagerness. He drew the weapon, and found it to be a Toledo blade of the best temper. He kissed the sword with ecstasy.

"Welcome!" he cried, "old friend! With you I can cut through odds, and at least sell my life dearly, if I fall again into the hands of the Philistines."

Returning to his new friends, he sat down to a hearty meal which they had prepared for him, and to which he did an Englishman's justice. At the hour of twelve, his young friend Reuben signified his readiness to accompany him on his adventure.

"Farewell!" he cried, "I owe you a debt that nothing can repay. But believe me that your kindness will always dwell in the heart of Clarence Landon."

Reuben and the Englishman were soon in the governor's garden. It was pitch dark, and they advanced cautiously, groping their way. All at once Landon stumbled against some person.

"Is it you, Reuben?" said he, in a low tone. "But he was instantly grasped by the throat. Dealing his unknown assailant a blow with his clinched hand, which made him release his hold, the Englishman instantly drew his sword and threw himself on guard. His steel was crossed by another blade, and a fierce encounter ensued, the combatants being practiced swordsmen, and guided, in the dark, by what swordsmen term the "perception of the blade." Reuben had made his escape, and gone to inform his father of this new disaster. The struggle was brief, for the antagonist of Landon, closing at the peril of his life, and being a man of herculean strength, wrested the sword from the Englishman's grasp, and held him at his mercy.

"Now, dog!" whispered the victor, "have you any thing to offer why I should not take your life as a minion of the tyrant Rodrigo?" "I scorn to ask my life of an unknown assassin," replied Landon; "but I am no minion of Rodrigo's, and I was even now seeking to escape his clutches."

"If there was a light here," said the stranger, "I could see whether you lied, friend, by your looks. You may be palming off a tale upon me. How did you propose to escape Rodrigo?" "By making my way through his house," answered Landon.

"A likely tale. How are you to gain access to his house?" "A waiting maid was to let me in."

"Well, I'll test your veracity. I have your life in my hands. You are mistaken; I have rapier and dagger. The experiment costs me nothing."

"It would be idle in me to interrogate you," said Landon, "it would be idle to ask who you are."

"I will answer you frankly," replied the stranger; "I am one of those freebooters whose fortunes are their swords. If I were in Rodrigo's power, my life would not be worth five minutes' purchase; and yet I am seeking him to-night."

"You speak in riddles."

"Perhaps; but be silent now, if you value your life, and follow me."

The stranger, still retaining a firm grasp upon the luckless Landon, approached a door which led into the governor's house, showing in their progress, a perfect acquaintance with the labyrinthine alleys of the garden. They halted, and a female voice spoke in a whisper, saying, "Here's the key."

The stranger grasped it, and dragging Landon into the house, instantly locked the door behind him. A dark lantern was placed on the corridor; the stranger told Landon to take this up, and preceded him up stairs. Landon obeyed, the stranger following close behind, and giving him whispered directions as to his course.

Having reached a chamber, followed by the wondering Englishman. The walls of the room were heavily draped, and upon a huge bed the governor of Valencia was reclining, buried in a deep slumber.

"He sleeps!" whispered the stranger in the ear of Landon; "he sleeps, as if he had never shed blood—as if the head of my brother had never fallen on the block by the hand of his bloody executioner. He will soon sleep sounder."

"What mean you?" asked Landon. "Wait and see," was the reply. The stranger cautiously lifted the light in his left hand, bending over the sleeper, while with his right he drew a broad, sharp poniard from his belt, and raised it in the act to strike. But just as it was descending, Landon caught the assassin's arm, and shouted in his loudest tones,—

"Don Rodrigo, wake!" "Hollo!" cried the ruffian, with an oath. "You shall pay with your life for interfering."

The governor sprang from his bed in time to witness the deadly struggle between Landon and the midnight assassin. It was short and decisive, for as the robber was aiming a blow at his antagonist, the latter changed the direction, and it was buried to the hilt in his own heart. He fell, and died without a groan. The noise of the struggle had aroused the household, and the servants came pouring into the room with lights, accompanied by Donna Florinda, who was agitated with terror.

"Dear father!" she cried, rushing into the governor's arms, "what does this mean?" "It means," replied Don Rodrigo, "that this ruffian, who had sworn to take my life because I had condemned his brother to death for manifold misdeeds, has been slain in the attempt by this young man."

"And do you recognize your generous aviator?" exclaimed the daughter. "Behold! it is the young Englishman you condemned to perish at the stake. O father!" And she explained the manner in which Landon had been enabled to save the governor's life.

"Young man," said the governor, addressing Landon with deep emotion, "a mightier Power than the hand of man is visible in this. For the life you have saved I will repay you in the same manner. I insure you a full and free pardon, and you shall not have it to say that Don Rodrigo d'Almonte, had as he has been repaid, was a monster of ingratitude."

(Continued on Fourth Page.)

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FOREIGN NEWS



ARRIVAL OF THE VANDERBILT.

COURTESY OF THE VANDERBILT.

New York, July 3. Steamship Vanderbilt, from Southampton arriving on Wednesday, 22d ult., arrived at this port at five o'clock this morning. Steamship Asia arrived at Liverpool 19th.

The War.

Torin, June 21. (Official bulletin, published to-day.) The Sardinian army preserves its position before Brescia. The French army occupy Brescia and its environs, in line with the Sardinians. Pano, Urbino, Pescombrone, Sesi and Ancona have been proclaimed for the national cause.

Torin, June 21. Garibaldi marched yesterday from Salo towards Desenzano, but meeting the enemy in considerable force, withdrew.

Brezn, June 21. Garibaldi has at present pushed his outposts as far as Ballodro, in the direction of Bordin, which is occupied by 400 Austrians.

Mantua, June 21. Kossuth embarked here this morning for Genoa.

Letters from Rome to the 18th, announce that 2000 Papal troops have been sent to Perugia to restore order. The Paris correspondent of the Times says that one hundred rifled cannon were dispatched on the 17th to the army of Italy.

Torin, June 18. The Emperor has entered Brescia, with the King, who had gone to meet him. Popular enthusiasm accompanied the march of the allied troops, who all through Lombardy received one continual ovation.

Torin, June 19. (Official bulletin published to-day.) The Austrians finished the evacuation of Monte Chiasso. During the last few days 80,000 Austrians with 6000 horses and 12 batteries, have passed through Monte Chiasso.

Brezn, June 18. (via France.)—The Austrians in great force have occupied the pass of Stelvio, blown up the Devil's Bridge, and brought up their artillery into the pass. They also made entrenchments at Andrea. A French corps d'armee of 3000 men is advancing by forced marches against this position.

Vienna, June 18. An official account has been published of the losses of the Austrians. At the battle of Magenta, 63 officers and 1302 soldiers wounded, and 4000 missing.

"M. Kossuth will be employed at once in action on the Hungarian regiments in the Austrian service, and, if possible, produce a revolt in Hungary itself. At the same time, we receive a proclamation from Gen. Klapka, published at the French headquarters. The meaning of these proceedings is not doubtful. The Austrian empire is to be attacked beyond the limits of Italy. The war is to be carried into the other hereditary dominions of Francis Joseph, not indeed by a French army, at least for the present, but by a revolutionary propaganda, supported by the whole strength of the French, and perhaps the Russian Courts. The consequences may be of the very greatest importance. In the present state of Germany on the one side and the Danubian populations on the other, a second revolutionary outbreak in Hungary may light up a war from the Baltic to the Black Sea. If Kossuth and Klapka be seriously combining to kindle the flame of the remote province of Austria, the Germans may have that *casus belli* which the more hot-headed among them desire. Should Napoleon persist in the scheme which the proclamation of Klapka and Kossuth's departure from England indicate, it will be a sign that he is ready to wage into the deepest waters of European commotion."

India. The overland mail had arrived, with dates from Bombay to May 23.

The Times correspondent says the movements of a portion of the European troops of the old company against the transfer of their services to the crown have been louder and longer, and uttered in more quarters than one might have expected from the nature of the arguments on which they ground their complaint. At Meerut, Allahabad and Gwalior a mutinous spirit had been exhibited.

We have just been informed of a remarkable instance of early development in Franklin county. It is that of a negro woman belonging to a small man in that county, who gave birth to a female child at 14 years of age. The daughter improved upon the example of her mother, and gave birth to a child at 11 years of age. So that there is only a difference of 26 years between the ages of grandmother and grand-daughter.—Richmond Dispatch.

The Field of Magenta.

Yesterday evening, not without great difficulty, I succeeded in getting here to inspect the field of the glorious battle fought on Saturday last. My pen is not adequate to describe the heartrending scene which surrounds me. Trees thrown down by the dreadful effect of artillery; heaps of dead bodies, human limbs scattered about, carriages broken, farm houses burnt, crops trampled, vineyards devastated, houses plundered—such is the deplorable sight which has met my eyes since my arrival in this town. Town, however, Magenta is no more. The small inn whence I am now writing these lines bears marks of the tremendous struggle, for it was thrice taken and retaken during the action. Not a piece of furniture is to be found; not even a chair to sit upon. Some of the details I sent you on Sunday were not quite correct. The field guns captured by our troops were not twenty but four. I was led into an error by a man who showed me some other guns which were captured at Palestro and Borgo Verelli. The battle of Magenta was not begun by our troops but by the Austrians, who, although in full retreat towards Pavia, were ordered to change their front and attack our advanced guard, which had crossed the Ticino at Boffalora. One battalion of the Zouaves and two companies of the same regiment, together with two regiments of Grenadiers, all belonging to the Imperial Guard, were suddenly attacked by 25,000 Austrians under the orders of General Zobel. Our gallant allies had three batteries with them, but only two field pieces were brought to play upon the advancing columns of the enemy. You must not forget that the country which lies between this village and the Abbate Grasso is intersected by numberless canals which supply the water to the rice fields of the district. All these fields had been of course inundated for agricultural purposes, so that the guns of our advanced guard could not be placed except on the main road, which, by the by, is very narrow, and by which the Austrians were advancing. The right wing of the French advanced guard thus attacked, was formed by the above mentioned troops. Five other companies of Zouaves of the Imperial Guard were marching on the left.

This heroic column, which gallantly disputed the advance of Zobel's corps d'armee for five long hours, scarcely numbered 4000 men. The rolling of musketry, the pounding of field guns, the crash of steel—I have been told by an actor of the bloody drama—were deafening. The Austrians advanced, halted, advanced again, received and returned a close and deadly fire; but the bayonet is the queen of weapons—Magenta proved it. The brave band of our allies were vainly clinging to their guns. After two hours of a fearful struggle three of them were captured by the enemy. It was then that brave, kind hearted General Clair fell dead from his horse. The Colonel of the first Zouaves soon followed. A minute later the Lieut. Colonel and twelve officers of the same regiment were no more. The battalion—if you can designate by such a word the 300 left—was now fighting for life; it was surrounded by a division of the enemy—there was no help visible. But "Les Zouaves sont les Zouaves," said my informant, who has the honor to belong to this famous corps.

The five companies on the left, seeing the peril of their comrades, rushed with such impetuosity against the enemy's division, that the 300 were left alone, and all the force of Croats and Bohemians was brought to bear against the new comers. This last hand to hand fight lasted two hours. The disproportion of numbers, was, however, too great—the French were exhausted with fighting—but at last came the help. About twelve o'clock the reinforcements appeared on their left—a joyful sight to our struggling regiments. The three field guns already captured by the enemy were soon recaptured at the point of the bayonet. Zobel's corps d'armee was finally routed by the Imperial legion and obliged to retire. The action then became general, and lasted three hours longer, till the bold assault of McMahon decided the victory. The effect of this gallant General's move was that of cutting the Austrian army into two bodies. Threatened on all sides, forced in his position, menaced with being surrounded, General Gyulai gave orders to retreat. Routed as they were, they now ran pell mell, the 5th and 7th days of Ticino, some towards Ronate, Varese and Pavia. Covering their hasty and disordered retreat by tactics of horns, and by a tremendous fire of artillery, the Austrians fell back upon their entrenched lines in immense confusion. The battle of Magenta had been won. General Gyulai had

brought into action 120,000 men; he left nearly 20,000 of them wounded and dead on the battle field, 13000 were taken prisoners; two flags, 4000 knapsacks, 12,000 muskets, and four guns have fallen into our hands. Besides these difficulties, General Gyulai knows that Marshal Baraguay d'Hilliers is marching fast towards the Adda, and that he may succeed in intercepting the main road, which from Codogno leads to Cremona.

The Bethel Courier.

BETHEL, FRIDAY, JULY 8, 1859.

LOCAL SKETCHES—No. VI.

A pleasant and very romantic ride may be enjoyed by crossing the ferry, passing through Mayville, and following down the river a mile till it suddenly turns at right angles, goes on up the Sunday River valley, where you will in a half hour find yourself surrounded by mountains. If you wish to go a fishing, pursue your route till you arrive at Riley where is fine fishing. The road is level the whole distance, and the scenery fine.

If you do not prefer this route, after crossing the ferry follow up the river, and enquire the way for Chapman's Mill. Here you can see the effects of long continued action of water on the rocks, producing effects similar to the Albany Basins, and find good trout. The ladies can accompany you on either route.

But there is one route especially pleasant; go to Barker's ferry, obtain a boat large enough for four or five persons and row up and down the river, and enjoy its splendid scenery. Nothing can be more enchanting. Ride up the River road, on the north side, two miles to Mr. Geo. Ellingwoods house, and you can see the railroad a distance of eight miles, and look right down upon the Androscoggin. This route should be insisted on by the ladies because they can ride directly to the spot and obtain a view of the most enchanting scenery.

If you want to take a morning walk go down Vernon Street and ascend Mt. Vernon directly in front of Rev. Mr. Thompson's, and you have a beautiful landscape on the north, while you can see some 13 or 14 towns around you.

Invalids and lazy people should take this walk before breakfast.

The Editor of the Kennebec Journal, in alluding to our Editor's new coat, has made two serious mistakes. The first was, that he borrowed it. No such thing could occur to any Editor in this vicinity. It was given to him. The second was, that he wore it to church. We doubt it. We hope the Journal will be more careful in future.

The fact was, the Dr. had just obtained a new suit himself, (a very rare occurrence,) and his time was so occupied in its admiration, that he could not notice his friends, even at church.

A DECIDED NUISANCE. (NEW CENT.)—One of the meanest things we meet with, is one of the new coined cents. We put our hand into our pocket and fancy that we are in possession of a dime, when to our great displeasure it is only a little dusky, wishy-washy looking cent. Were they of a pure copper color it would be much less liable to be mistaken, especially by editors.

SABBATH SCHOOL CELEBRATION.—There was a very large assembly at the Camp Ground at Middle Intervale on the 4th. We hoped that some one would read an account of the celebration, we being unable to be present. We understand that the Sabbath School Children performed various exercises, after which addresses were made by Rev's Davies, Gaines, Kinsley, Day, Allen, Thompson and others.

A collation was served up in the grove. It was a delightful day for such a gathering.

F. S. Chandler, has just received from Boston a large stock of New Goods, of the latest style. Give him a call before they are all gone.

Independent Morning was cool.

Ther., 44, at sunrise.

At nine A. M. carriages began to move in opposite directions, a part to the Mineral Springs, and the rest to the Camp ground at Middle Intervale, where was a celebration of Sabbath Schools. We went to the former through a special invitation.

On arriving at the grounds we were surprised to find that Mr. CHAPMAN, the landlord, had accomplished so much in so short a time. A goodly number met on the top of a mound in the rear of the house, where a fine prospect of the river and mountains may be seen. A band of Music under the direction of Col. N. Twitshell headed a long procession to a beautiful grove a short distance from the springs where seats and a stage had been prepared.

Music vocal and instrumental of excellent quality was served out in full measure.

After prayer by Rev. Mr. Wheelwright of Bethel, Dr. True was called upon, who spoke just the same as he always does. He alluded to the different kinds of Mineral springs, and their medical properties. He spoke of the character of this spring, and read an analysis of the water by Dr. C. T. Jackson of Boston. The mineral elements of the Bethel Springs are the same as the Congress Spring, except in common salt of which the latter has a large percentage. No more romantic situation could be found. It was close by the highway, close to the mountain and river, and close to beautiful groves. He then read a letter from Hon. R. I. Burbank of Boston congratulating the proprietor and wishing him abundant success.

Dea. Geo. Chapman next spoke. He had drank from these Springs 50 years ago when he was engaged in logging in their vicinity. The Dea. stated that he drove the first yoke of oxen by those springs on that side of the Androscoggin River to Gilead. He then recited some of his characteristic verses, of which we will give but one.

These waters may assuage your thirst, and cleanse the ruptured skin; Can help to fill the landlady's purse, But can't atone for sin.

Rev. Mr. Garland, very happily entertained the audience a few minutes reminding them that providence diffused blessings over every quarter of the globe, and among these are medicinal waters which come forth from the earth to bless mankind.

Dr. Fanning made a few remarks, regarding the spring, so far as he was able to judge, a valuable agent in various diseases.

Rev. Mr. Wheelwright next spoke, but somehow, we cannot readily report him, though he kept the company highly entertained.

The company next took up the line of March for the tables, bountifully spread in an adjoining grove. Here was enjoyed a social time interspersed with music for one hour.

The company then visited the springs, bathing rooms and House, and separated to their homes, well pleased with the exercises of the day. Thus have opened the Bethel Mineral Springs, to the consideration of the public. We hope that the enterprising landlord will reap an abundant harvest from a generous public, and that these springs will prove a blessing to many an invalid.

We think that those papers which make sport of our rowing 8 or 10 miles over a meadow in search of Umbagog Lake, are not fully aware that it was no joke to us. We don't take it so. The Democrat and Portland Transcript should be more tender of a man's feelings.

There will be a national spiritualists' convention at Plymouth, Mass., on the 5th, 6th and 7th days of August next. Dr. H. J. Gardner of Boston, will preside. Among the speakers engaged to attend, are Judge Edmunds, Gov. N. P. Tallmadge, Prof. Britain, A. J. Davis, Emma Hardinge and Mrs. Hatch.

CELEBRATION AT NEWRY CORNER.

July 4th, 1859.

To-day we have been permitted to attend a rural celebration of the anniversary of our Nation's Independence at Newry Corner. On a beautifully rising slope of ground near the house of Mr. O. N. R. Hastings, the ladies of Newry Corner and vicinity, prepared a bonafide collation, and arranged the tables with truly artistic taste—strangers pronouncing them the most beautifully adorned of any they had ever seen. At one o'clock all gathered around them, and after a short and appropriate petition to God for His blessing to rest upon us, by Mr. L. Jewett, simple justice was done to the choice viands prepared. This over, and the wants of the inner man satisfied, we proceeded to partake of an intellectual feast. A lad of about nine years of age, gave us a declamation which was truly interesting, and gave promise of future talent. Then followed some toasts by gentlemen of the party, which were received with applause; then, by urgent request Mr. E. Foster, Jr., addressed us in a few eloquent remarks calculated to awaken our patriotism and arouse us to a sense of thankfulness for the inestimable blessings of liberty we enjoy. The enthusiastic applause with which his remarks were received, showed they were appreciated, and we separated, feeling that we need not go far from home to enjoy a Fourth of July celebration.

LOCKE'S MILLS, June 26, 1859.

Mr. Editor.—I have noticed of late, with much pleasure too, on looking over your paper, some very interesting descriptions of Bethel and its surroundings. Nature has been very lavish in bestowing her gifts, not only on the village, but also on the inhabitants.

Last evening, as I was cooling off before retiring for the night, the mercury ranging during the day from 80° to 90°, and just as the clock marked ten on its dial, my ears were saluted with the sound of voices, accompanied by instruments of music. The "Alder River Quartet Club," was out for the purpose of Ayer-ing themselves and entertaining their neighbors. It was quite a musical treat, I assure you. Something wholly unexpected. I have often paid a quarter for the privilege of attending concerts by professional singers, whose performances were inferior to this amateur club. A little practice will perfect what nature has nearly completed.

There is no music so charming as a serenade. We wish a quartet for that purpose could be started here, we prefer it to the best band of instrumental music.—Ed.

AN OLD COIN.—John Hayden, Esq., exhibits in his window an old coin, composed of copper or a composition of copper and some lighter colored metal, which belonged to the reign of Antiochus Epiphanes of Syria, who reigned from the year 175 to 164 B. C. It is therefore not far from 2300 years old. The devices are very rude though distinct, especially the letters. It was put into the contribution box at one of Miss Gibson's lectures. How such a coin, so marked an antiquarian, should have been lying around loose seems a little mysterious.—Bethel Times.

ANOTHER OLD COIN.—We have a silver coin weighing eleven dwts., with the inscription of Basilides Demetrios Soterus. Of King Demetrios Saviour. It was found on a battle field near the river Euphrates, and was struck in honor of this Syrian King, who had delivered the Babylonians from their tyrannical oppressors. Hereafterwards sent his generals into Judah where they routed and slew the celebrated Judas Maccabeus. He was finally engaged in a civil war in which he was killed, B. C. 150, having reigned 12 years. This coin must consequently be upwards of 2000 years old. The superscribed image strikingly resembles those of Gen. III. whom he resembled in character.

Dr. Abernethy used to tell his pupils that all human diseases sprang from two causes—staying and fretting.

Florida Correspondence No. IV.]

FLORIDA, Fla., June 21st, 1859.

Mr. Editor.—We are now in the midst of hot weather, and a destructive drought. From every part of the State, comes the unwelcome tidings that the corn crop is entirely cut off, and the cotton crop is greatly injured by the drought which has prevailed not only in this State, but in some of the adjoining States, the last six weeks. In this section of the State, however, it is not so disastrous, but it is bad enough here. The air is hot, and the ground dry. Old Sol pours his hot rays upon us from morning till night without cessation.

Indeed, the weather at the present time is much too warm for my cold blood. Even mental labor causes great fatigue. But notwithstanding it is unusually dry, it is healthy; and it is the general opinion of those who are best acquainted with this country that it will remain so in this place through the warm season. At least as long as the air is as pure as it now is, none need fear that loathsome destroyer—yellow fever—which has made desolate so many in youth and manhood, and caused so much suffering which cannot be described and barely imagined. If it is carried to a place where the air is perfectly pure it will not spread. Places that are located by stagnant pools, surrounded by low land, or upon the sides of rivers, whose waters are fresh and impure are the first to suffer, and suffer the worst. The effects of this dire disease which generally makes its appearance where it visits this State, about the last of August is often terrible in the extreme. Whole villages have been swept in a few weeks from existence by it. I would like to relate some of the disheartening stories that have been furnished me by those who have witnessed its work but time and space forbid, so I will say I am still.

NOTICE.—The subscriber, being engaged in writing a History of Bethel, is desirous of ascertaining the names of all those boys in this village who are in the habit of being out late at night, in order to insert them in the history of the town. It will afford the future historian a fair opportunity to know what kind of men they have made, as the result of their early habits. Private boarding houses will confer a special favor in giving the desired information.

TRAPPING.—Friend Rich, of Letter B, informs us that he caught a scaly Bear, one day last week, in a Trap, about 10 miles back in the woods, and after considerable trouble, succeeded in getting him home. The Bear was hurt but very little, with the trap. Mr. Rich offers him for sale.

THE DEMOCRATIC STATE CONVENTION at Bangor re-nominated for Governor, Hon. Manasseh H. Smith; and for Delegates to the Charleston Convention, Hon. Geo. F. Shepley of Portland; Hon. Ben Bradbury of Eastport; Hon. E. W. Farley of Bangor.

THE PILLAR OF FIRE, OR, ISRAEL IN BONNAGE.—We have before spoken of the merits of this interesting Book. We understand that it can be obtained of Rev. Mr. Garland, the Agent for this vicinity.

THE PLUMBER PETITION.—About one thousand citizens of Lowell, Mass., have signed the petition to the President in favor of Cyrus W. Plumer, one of the Junior Matineers, now under sentence of death. The mayor heads the list, and most of the lawyers, clergymen and physicians have signed the petition.

EDITORIAL.—Beng hard pressed with job work, and the boys in a hurry to get time for the 4th, we have concluded to let the Boimers do the duty of the pen this week.—Shoshogon Clarion.

We think the paper greatly improved thereby.

In 1728 Boston had 42 streets, 26 lanes and 22 alleys. In 1859 it has nine hundred and twenty-five streets, lanes and alleys.

The Bethel Courier

MAILS.
Mails close as follows:
To Portland,
To Island Pond

ARRIVAL & DEPARTURE OF
Mailing and express trains for
10 A. M. Returning—arrive at
Bethel at 1-2 P. M.

RELIGIOUS SERVICES.
Every Sabbath at 9:15 A. M. at
11-1 P. M. in the following churches:
First Cong'l. — Rev. Mr. Wiggins
Second — Rev. Mr. G.
Unitarian — Rev. Mr. G.

SERVICES FOR PRAYER.
Sunday evenings at 5 o'clock, at the
Bible Class, Tuesday evenings. Praying
on Saturday evenings.

ITEMS.

A family named Peck, consisting of six or seven persons, residing the Second Ward, New York, poisoned on Friday by eating, bought at a grocer's, but not after a severe illness. An analysis of the cheese showed that it contained arsenic of copper.

Dr. Henry Northall, the British Vice-Consul at the p. Gloucester, Mass., committed a on Sunday night by hanging.

The Louisville papers note the death of Victor F. Ward, aged 45 years. He was the boy who, whipped by Butler, the school teacher, which whipping was the first of the Matt Ward tragedy in Louisville.

The Beaver Dam (Wis.) Democrat says a man named David Howe, New Leipzig, died on the 23d from the bite of a spider. He was at work in the woods when the poisonous insect bit him on the lip, and his death in eight days.

The St. Catharines Post states a man fell down an embankment that city, a few nights since, and killed. The Coroner's jury was sat upon the body rendered a verdict of willful murder against the St. Catharines and other members of Corporation, for leaving the place guarded.

Darius Forbes, editor of the Temperance Journal, has become Proprietor and Publisher of that paper. He proposes to issue a Saturday Evening City Edition of the paper.

The Austrian ship Impregnable, embargoed at Boston, her commander having heard of the arrival of French men of war at Halifax, and therefore, not wishing to hazard property entrusted to his care, hesitated for the present to run gauntlet of the ocean.

There are 771 Post Offices in Maine. Penobscot county has the largest number, 102; Washington 74; Hancock, 62; Aroostook 33.

At Baltimore the other day, jury in the case of Miss Annie Herring against James Banghens, breach of promise, rendered a verdict of \$3500 damages for the plaintiff.

The trial of Judge Jackson before the Senate of Missouri has been terminated by a verdict of not guilty, leaving the State between \$39,000 and \$30,000. One of the indictments was for playing cards.

The north wing of the Patent Office, Washington, is fast approaching completion. The last layers of granite and marble are being laid, and ere another autumn it will be roofed in, and the exterior work this magnificent building will be ended.

A poor Jew at Richmond, received a letter from Europe informing him that a large amount was his by inheritance. The excitement was too great—he fell from his chair and died immediately.

There are four million scholars in one hundred and fifty thousand teachers in the public schools of this country.

A match manufacturing company in Cincinnati will take a tree in a field, and in four days have it made into matches and distributed to customers.

The bank crop in California this year, according to the San Francisco Herald will amount to between eight and seven millions of dollars.

The fruit crop in California this year, according to the *San Francisco Herald* will amount to between six and seven billions of dollars.

ed like that by a stampede, but
ne far more destructive of property
and life. Respectfully,
HORACE GRIMLEY,
A. D. RICHARDSON
HAYES, VANDERBILT

Deaths.

In Auburn, 7th ult., Mrs. Charlotte M. H.
wife of Mr. E. A. Pickering, 25.

Dating House!
77 Middle Street,
(Three doors west of Post Office.)

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